

QUIN-IS-COE.

Hush! what meaneth that knocking against the walls of thy lodge?
Why, what fearest thou, Owla? 'Tis naught but the wood-pecker
Seeking his food. List, Cumme-tat-coe; list, Pile-hat-coe;
Say what meaneth that scratching? Ah, what meaneth that rustling?
Fear not, Owla; 'tis naught but the wood-rat seeking his food,
Why cling Cumme-tat-coe and Pile-hat-coe in that
Close embrace; and why croucheth Owla so close to the ground?
It cometh—it cometh, that form so awesome, so lonesome;
It beareth the foul fetid odors of the charnel house,
Clinging to its mouldering robes. Ah, those eyes of horror,
That breath of flame! Tell us whence comest thou, O visitant
From another world, tell wherefore art thou disquieted,
O mighty hunter? why flittest thou through the midnight gloom?
Wherefore seekest thou the abode of man, thou that dwellest
In another world? why terrifiest thou thy kinsmen?
Threaten us not; show us wherefore thou art disquieted.
Send for Scuse, the wise one; send for Scuse, the strong, wise doctor.
What wouldst thou, Cumme-tat-coe; what wouldst thou, Pile-hat-coe;
Ye sisters of Quin-is-coe, what would ye with the wise Scuse?
Spread out thy mat, O doctor, even the mat whereunto
Thou beguilest the spirits of the living and the dead.
Spread out thy mat, O doctor; spread out thy mat, O Wise One.

Whence cometh this strange being? 'Tis not a man nor a bear;
Yet hath it the head and skin of a grizzly; it hath feet
And arms like a man. Tell us who art thou, whence comest thou,